Sweet Talk by BOROS, pages_of_altaire

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Summary:

The summer after high school graduation was the best time. With no responsibilities and the promise of freedom in the distance, Danny and his friends set out to make some memories before leaving this beige town for college in the big city.

Danny had a dare involving the silver fox who lived in their cul-de-sac for the past 2 years. Turn 18, sleep with him, and reminisce on that nice memory as his last wet, hot American summer. As far as he was concerned, his neighbor was hilariously left in the dark. But that just made it all the more fun.

Shenanigans ensue. Danny spends the next 3 months trying to seduce an older gentleman with a singular bull-headed determination to get into his pants.

And his friends thought he was joking...

Relationships: Danny Fenton/Vlad Masters
Comments: 8
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1. Everything you say, it sounds like sweet talk to my ears

Author's Note:

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>
> Please visit BOROS on Twitter: https://twitter.com/borossir

“Are those my shorts?”

Sam gaped and tugged at the back pocket of a very familiar pair of jean shorts, now hugging Danny’s waist snugly and accenting his butt. Loose frays decorated the hem, its fringes brushing over a pair of thin pale thighs and made Danny look like a vintage summer catalog model.

It was hard not to be jealous. Just a little.

Danny’s lips smirked around the stem of his lollipop. “They looked good on me,” he reasoned.

Sam rolled her eyes. “You say that about everything you steal from my closet.”

“Take it as a compliment, Sam,” Danny laughed and raised his arms. His homemade crop top rode up to reveal a slim waist and abs. “You’ve got good taste.”

“I think you just want any excuse to keep dressing like a twink,” Sam said dryly and took a sip of the stolen beer she got from her dad’s fridge. What the Fentons didn’t know, couldn’t hurt.

“Hey, as long as it’s gonna get me into *his* pants, I’m down for it.”

“I thought you were *kidding*, Danny,” Sam hissed and sat down by the pool edge. Around them, the party was in full swing, celebrating the

trifecta that was high school graduation, the start of summer, and Danny's eighteenth birthday. "You're not actually serious, are you? He's like, over twice your age."

"So?" Danny smiled deviously. His tongue popped around his red cherry treat. "That just means he's been around the block and knows how to use his cock."

A burst of laughter erupted from Sam. "Can I quote you on that?" She laughed, shocked.

"Be my guest. Anyways, it's too late to take it back. I made a wish and everything to manifest my destiny," Danny said and dipped his legs into the pool. "It's my birthday, Sam. Let me be happy."

"Don't think it's my call, or *yours* for that matter," Sam snorted. Her line of sight fell on a familiar figure coming into the backyard. "Oh, speak of the devil..."

Danny turned around, lowering his sunglasses to reveal playful blues. On the other side of the pool, Vlad Masters came strolling in, stopping to converse with Jack while he was tending to the grill. There was a small wrapped present in the silver fox's hand, and Danny briefly wondered how those fingers would feel wrapped tightly about his neck.

Pink bruises sounded like something lovely to wake up to.

"I'm gonna go say hi."

Sam sighed. "Of course."

Danny slipped out of the pool and sauntered over to Vlad with a cola in hand. Water droplets trickled down his long legs, plastering the soft baby hairs against his skin and leaving a wet trail behind him as he walked. He raised his sunglasses up into his hair to get a good unfiltered look at the man in front of him. The silver in Vlad's hair looked like stardust under the bright sunlight.

"Well, well, look who decided to finally show up."

"Daniel," Vlad greeted. "Our celebrity of the moment."

Danny chuckled. “Yup, that’s me.”

“How are you enjoying your summer?”

“Oh, y’know, pretty good. Just doing the usual. Staying up all night, sleeping in ‘til noon,” Danny smiled at him slyly. “Getting up to no good.”

“Of course,” Vlad said dryly. “I see you’ve come up with an entire menu of brilliant ideas.”

“It’s a long summer,” Danny chirped. “Gotta keep myself occupied.”

Vlad raised a well-groomed eyebrow. “Indeed. Well, here’s hoping that you don’t get carried away by your newfound freedom.”

Danny lowered his voice just enough for Vlad to do a small double-take. “Oh, I plan on it,” the young man said. He sipped his drink innocently through the swirly straw.

A ghost of a blush crossed the older man’s cheeks at the suggestive response, but he made no comment. Instead, he held out the present in his hand. “For you,” Vlad said. “Happy birthday.”

“Aw, Mr. Masters, you shouldn’t have.”

“You’re an adult now, Daniel,” Vlad said and smiled. “No harm in addressing me by my first name.”

“You’re such a shameless flirt,” Danny winked and tapped the box lightly against the man’s chest. “But I accept, *Vlad* .”

Vlad just looked more and more bewildered by this behavior.

Sam tried not to judge her friend too hard from where she was sitting, but Danny made it oh-so-difficult.

“Are you actually insane?” Sam said as he walked back to their side of the pool. “What the *hell* do you think you’re doing?”

“Oh, unclench, this will be fun,” Danny said and laughed it off. He slid the sunglasses up the bridge of his nose and stole a peek at Vlad

across the water. The man was still rooted to the same spot Danny had left him, his dark blue eyes seeking Danny’s with an unreadable expression. Danny's eyes, in response, were bright with mirth.

“If you’re gonna do him here, at least have the decency to get a room,” Sam grumbled.

Danny splashed her with some water in retaliation. “What a tempting thought,” he sighed. “If only.”

“Don’t make me turn a hose on you.”

To be continued...

2. You could yell, "Piss off! Won't you stay away?" and it'll still be sweet talk to my ears

A dollar went a long way in this mundane cul-de-sac, and Danny had the funds prepped for a very specific fantasy in mind.

He pulled back his curtains and peeked out his bedroom window. It was six in the morning. The fading pink from the morning sunrise was still painted across the horizon, washing the beige little town in shades of pastel.

But Danny wasn't paying attention to that. He was too busy watching Sidney Poindexter on his bike, weighed down by rolls of newspaper in his side satchel. Paper delivery wasn't as easy as it looked, and Danny didn't envy the guy for doing this job for some pocket money.

He just hoped that the dollar was worth it for Sidney to come through for him.

"Hey, Poindexter!"

A freckled boy jumped and spun around, his movements defensive and jerky. He regarded Danny warily, his eyes magnified behind his thick frames. "What."

Danny blinked. "Relax, I just wanted to ask you for a favor," he said and put his hands up. He heard the rumors about this kid. A little odd, a bit of a nerd, but shy and sweet. It was a shame that he got bullied so much.

Sidney frowned at the mention of 'favor' and bristled. It was hard not to get bitter when 'favors' ranged from full-body shakedowns for his lunch money to being an errand boy for the football team. He was so done with everyone's bullshit.

"Go bug someone else," Poindexter said and hugged his books closer to his chest. He started walking away quickly. "I'm done doing favors for people."

Danny ran in front of the boy to block him. "Wait wait wait, it's not like that!" He said hurriedly. "I promise, I'm not like those people."

Sidney narrowed his eyes. "I'll be the judge of that," he snapped. "What do you want, Fenton?"

"Well," Danny paused to fish for something in his pocket. To Poindexter's surprise, Danny whipped out a dollar and waved it in front of his face. "You're the paper boy for my neighborhood, right? I have a proposal in mind."

The rhythmic clicking of the wheels got closer as Poindexter rode past his lawn, and Danny saw him hesitate briefly before reaching into his satchel to dig out the morning paper.

Thwap!

Two perfect little rolls landed on the grass as Poindexter sped off, and Danny mentally cheered as he tiptoed down the stairs to retrieve his loot. Sidney did him a solid. The whole setup was too perfect (so far).

Danny picked up the newspaper and skipped across the grassy yard in his bare feet, jumping nimbly over the shared fence and onto Vlad's front lawn. He was wearing a loose pair of faded jean shorts today, while a light green tank top gently hugged his thin frame. It was a cute look, if he did say so himself. Danny smiled and rang the doorbell, rocking back and forth slowly on his heels.

"At what point does it become criminal to leave your guest hanging outside on the hottest day of the year?" He said in greeting as the door opened to reveal a very sleepy Vlad with mussed wavy hair.

He looked really cute, Danny thought as he stared at the man. Like a grumpy old cat. His fingers itched to tame the stray silver strand on top of Vlad's head. It moved like it had a mind of its own.

"At what point does it become criminal to ring your neighbor's doorbell at six in the morning?" Vlad retaliated. His tone was unamused.

Danny's smile grew a bit dim. "Wow, someone's not a morning person," he said lightly.

Vlad's gaze would look more murderous if he wasn't busy blinking

the piercing sunlight out of his eyes. “What do you want, Daniel,” he demanded.

This…wasn’t how things were supposed to go , Danny thought to himself and braved a flirtatious smile. “Nothing, just wanted to give you your paper,” he said and handed Vlad his copy of the *Amity Park Journal* .

Vlad just stared. “You ran my doorbell at six in the morning just so you could give me my paper.”

“It fell into my yard.”

“You could’ve left it on my front porch.”

“What if someone steals it?”

“Out of all the things worth stealing in this neighborhood, your family would be last on the list," Vlad snapped. "Even if you serve up your dad’s beat-up chevy with keys in the ignition, I doubt it'll go for much."

Now it was Danny’s turn to feel ticked off. The Fentons have always lived rather humbly due to their blue-collar roots. They had an adorable little Ranch-style abode that sat on a rather plain-looking block, dwarfed by Vlad Master’s generous Victorian house and well-kept yard. Side by side, their houses didn’t look like it complemented each other, and that was made even more apparent by the controlled chaos of the Fenton’s open garage workshop.

They took great pride in fixing things though, always preferring to work with what they have and make it better rather than tossing things aside for newer toys. That car was no exception. They rescued it from a used car lot five years ago, and Danny had spent an entire summer working on it with his dad. Sure, it couldn’t hold a candle to Vlad’s Porsche, but that car was sentimental.

He didn’t need this.

Danny shoved the paper into Vlad’s chest and turned to leave. His mood was thoroughly ruined.

“Sorry for not being made of money, dickhead!” He yelled and

walked away without looking back.

There was a tussle of movement behind him, and then a 'Daniel-!', but Danny had no interest in pursuing the conversation any further.

" *Ass.* " He hissed under his breath as he stomped his way back over to his side of the fence. So much for his seduction scheme. "Who the hell does he think he is?"

Play stupid games, win stupid prizes, his mind helpfully supplied. *What were you expecting to happen? That the old man will get it up at 6AM and fuck you? Because morning sex is just so worth it?!*

Jazz was awake by the time he got back inside the house.

"Danny?" She raised an eyebrow, her hands shoved into the pockets of her bathrobe. Next to her, the coffeemaker was doing its thing, rattling a little from secondhand use. "What are you doing up?"

"Nothing. Took a walk."

Jazz looked down at his feet. "Without shoes?" She asked.

"It was just on our lawn." It wasn't a lie. Not really, Danny thought and headed for the stairs.

"Then why did I see you over at Vlad's?"

Danny paused and looked over at her with a deadpan expression. "What, gonna tell on me now?"

"Not if there's nothing to tell," Jazz replied carefully.

"There's nothing to tell, Jazz," Danny sighed and walked up the stairs. "Don't worry. Nothing happened."

Back in his room, Danny quietly dove under the covers to feel the leftover warmth trapped between the sheets on his bed. He knew he was being childish, but he also didn't think anyone could take rejection lightly. The humiliation he felt earlier simmered underneath his skin. It made him want to throw things. But his folks would be waking up soon, and he didn't want to make his sister grow

suspicious with his tantrums.

Danny pouted into his pillow.

“Stupid old man, always making a fool out of me.”

To be continued...